

P. S. ^{Mr. Lee}
the former
partner
of the late
John Carter
Brown
is seriously
ill.

of the race, and you will
find that there ^{are} few thoroughly
educated and such as are
capable of performing the du-
ties of any trust which may
be enjoined upon them with
justice to themselves.

It shall
always be my aim to show
that I am worthy of the position
which I hold among the students
of Brown. To this resolution
I stand committed; committed
by the blood of those who died that
the nation might live; com-
mitted by the long suffering and
persecution of those who defended
the cause of liberty in the dark
days of slavery.

Truly Yours
Geo. W. Milford

difficulties. "The busiest hands make the happiest hearts."

The sentiments and tone of your letter are but a just representation of the lineaments of a pure soul. Every word of it meets my hearty concurrence. I share in the joy of the well wishes of my race which springs from the ~~slow~~ slow but sure progress which we are now making. Though much has been done for us — no one more than you — yet much still remains to be done. I am not unconscious of this fact. "The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few." Consider carefully the present condition

sufficient money to carry me through this year; however the most that I can say is that I have the promise of it.

Though it snowed ~~here~~ yesterday thick and fast, yet to-day the heat of the sun has wellnigh carried it all away and over head it is most serene and delightful.

In my studio I take the greatest pride, and in them I find that happiness which they alone can give. I feel that nothing is too difficult to be mastered, and fancy that often the greatest joy comes from the consciousness of having overcome

Brown University,
Prov., R. I.

Mar. 14th 1875.

Mr. Garrison,

Dear Friend:-

Your kind and interesting letter took me somewhat on surprise. Certainly I was very glad to hear from you. Accept my thanks for the gift which you sent me, and be assured that, though I have the highest appreciation of it, yet when compared with the joy which I feel by reason of the source whence it came, it sinks into insignificance. At present I feel quite sure of